Incomprehensible

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Incomprehensible

by Vagabond_Anon

Summary

> “*Attack him where he is unprepared, appear where you are not expected.*”
>
> - Sun Tzu

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Despite only being a high school campus the Academy grounds were frustratingly complex even with a student's guide map for reference. To be completely thorough in her plotting she should technically also have included the rest of the island around it as well, but it wasn't like the bitch ever actually left her oversize metal prick of a clubhouse. So she figured just having a detailed schedule of *where, when, and doing what* on school grounds would be good enough.

She'd gone to war with the school.

She'd conquered her foes left and right for months.

Yet she never seemed to get any closer to clawing her way through the human meat shield of an army around her real quarry. At first after noticing this fact she thought Kiryuin had to be messing with her by just shuffling bodies around. There was no freaking way there could be *that* damn many *clubs*. So she had asked Mako how many there *actually* were, and learned that it didn't matter how many had been established when she had made her declaration of war.

The student body itself had been creating new clubs with new captains and new soldiers to fight against her every day afterword. Kiryuin had simply promised a Three-star uniform to the person that finally took her down. All of her effort had been successfully combated with what amounted to a single off-hand promise made on a napkin. And it wasn't like she was running around actually killing anyone. Those same people she knocked out were completely free to get back up and try again later alongside everyone new joining in on the *prize hunt*.

All she'd ended up doing was making Kiryuin's army stronger.

The truth was both infuriating, and depressing.

So she decided a little *pay back* was in order. She was going to either publicly embarrass, or infuriate, the woman with a direct ambush. Not with a blade though. Or rope. Or anything else that could possibly be expected of her *giving up* on the fiery promise she had made. No, she was not going to give Kiryuin the satisfaction on top of everything else. She just needed to knock the smug bitch down a peg. *Again*.

She'd minded the calendar, scraped together enough pocket change for the materials she needed to gather, and quietly asked Mrs. Mankanshoku to borrow their kitchen while the house was otherwise empty to complete her *battle* preparations.

When the day finally arrived she gave her nerves no chance to fail her. She tied her scarf tight, mechanically slipped stocking clad feet into her shoes, and set out with Mako as usual for school on a bright February morning. But unlike their usual winter arrangement of eating lunch in the crowded cafeteria she warned the girl to keep her wits up, and set forth for where Kiryuin would be at that time on that day of the week.

The school gym.

Typically the space was used by a variety of sports teams for indoor practice and more martial clubs for sparring, but during the first lunch hour of the second Friday of the month the expansive room was always booked by the Student Council. With a solid kick from her shoe the double doors slammed open so she could casually stroll in with her hands shoved deep into Senketsu's pockets. The metal racket loud enough to echo across the floor and grab the attentions of the five people there just as predicted.

Kiryuin's four lackeys had been in the middle of their own unique sparring practice. Even as they stood partially tired, and presently wearing regular gym clothes instead of their vaunted star uniforms, they did not hesitate to stop and throw themselves toward her fully ready to attack.

But as she also predicted Kiryuin's voice boomed from behind them to make them stop in their tracks.

"*HALT!*"

Because her hands had never left those pockets.

"So you *do* follow your own rules, *neh, Eyebrows?*"

She watched as Kiryuin slipped a wooden bokken into the loose cloth belt about her waist and approached while wiping the sweat from her face. *Junketsu* also missing had been replaced by a simple Hakama and Gi of deep blue and white respectively. Her footfalls unusually quiet from a lack of her usual stomping boots.

"But of course, Matoi." Walking past her elites Satsuki stopped about an arms length from her and braced a hand on the fake sword hilt that stuck forward. With the other she gestured to the room. "Despite what I perceive you to think about this institution it is one of order and civilized rule. Rules do not care for whom they serve so long as they serve to continue their enforcers will. And you have thus far *mostly* followed them. I take it by not drawing a weapon upon myself or the others at this time where one might perceive us as vulnerable that this will continue?"

"Fortunately for you."

Satsuki hummed at that.

"So, to what do I owe the *pleasure*? School business or Council business."

"Personal business. *Very* personal."

She pulled a hand out of her right pocket and ignored the small audience, for now, to focus her attention entirely on what response she would get. She smirked to mask a blush threatening to bloom as she watched Kiryuin's eyes flick to the small red bundle, tied with a shiny red ribbon, she'd produced from the pocket. She underhand lobbed it over to be easily caught. Her smirk growing as those eyes continued to narrow at the thing now in grasp.

Her smirk grew into a full blown blushing grin as the *peanut gallery* seemed to be indignantly realizing what it was before their precious Lady evidently could. Bolstered by this seemingly early complete success, she kept pushing by sweeping her own hands out in a grandiose way as students in the hall started to crowd around the entrance to watch what was going on.

“No tricks, no traps, no *bullshit!* I have stripped students high and low. Here and there and almost everywhere in this damn place. But Kiryuin out of them all there has thus far only been one person, *just one single person*, who actually *got naked* for *me!* So I made this, *myself*, to give from me to *you*.”

She ended with a final gesture pointing toward Satsuki herself, and for the first time since their Kamui powered duel she saw shock flash across the woman's face. This time not from an unexpectedly strong swing of her scissor blade, but from an angle the woman could not have expected in a million years. *The untouchable queen was uncomfortably on the spot in front of her own command*.

Mission success. With that complete Ryuko felt even more emboldened as she turned around and started her way back to the doors with a wave.

“Well that's all I got so have a good workout. That ass won't maintain itself! Happy valentine's day *Satsuki!* Looking forward to the next time you *bare your breasts for me!*”

She could practically feel the rage building like a bomb behind her with each second of pushing her luck. Unfortunately she wasn't used to Satsuki having silent feet that got further drowned out by the growling seething of the *disciplinary committee chair*. Before she could escape into the hallways Satsuki got tight hold of Senketsu's collar, which he protested greatly, and yanked her backward.

Before she knew it the back of her legs hit the floor and she was staring up at the ceiling lights. Before she could scramble away a wooden sword flashed past her view to press up against the bottom of her chin, and the upside down face of Satsuki loomed over her. Long black lengths of hair shining in a halo of sunlight from an overhead skylight as her head was trapped on Kiryuin's lap.

Out of everything though what struck her the most was that despite the faintest red burn of a blush, and visibly grit teeth, Satsuki was now returning the smirk she had given. The bag of chocolates stuffed into the Gi for safekeeping she spoke down to her.

“Oh no my *dear*, where do you think you are going? Where are your manners?”

“*E-Eh?*”

“I most graciously accept your *Honmei-choco*, and simply *must* know where I may find your person next month for *White day.* That is the *rule* isn't it? I already know the perfect gift and simply cannot wait for you to wear them *for me* given your *candid appreciation*. Unless this was, *heaven forbid I dare to accuse you*, a *lie?* That would be quite the *assault* on my person. You wouldn't possibly be attempting to toy with a woman's heart like that. No that would

technically be a breach of our agreement, right? And you are one to never go back on her word my *now* dearest, darling, *Ryuko-chan.*"

By the time she was free to go to her next class it was too late to stop those who had seen the exchange from firing up the school rumor mill.

In a single afternoon she went from a lone delinquent warrior able to defy the odds, to *Kiryuin's blushing girlfriend.* And Eyebrows had taken each and every available opportunity to *publicly* remind her of this in only the most embarrassing of ways. *Of course*.

When she finally made it back to the Mankanshoku home, and the family finally gave her peace to bathe, she hung up Senketsu before sinking deep into the bath barrel wishing to drown in it. He rumbled into her mind though, prompting her to come back up for air and to answer him.

Did the plan work? This does not seem like a victory you are happy about Ryuko.

"No! No this was not what I had in mind! *SHE* was supposed to be the one embarrassed at this! Not giving me insulting pet names and grabbing my waist!"

I can't say I know for sure about this, but she seemed to be lightly affected before moving to attack in retaliation. Perhaps the new war you have started within the war is not yet over?

She stopped yelling for a moment. Stopped tracing the lines around her usually bare midriff Kiryuin's damn paws had run across. He was right. Rising to her feet she balled her fists and punched them together to fight it all off. She was not giving up anything to that damn woman!

"We'll see who the bitch is in this relationship! Oh I'll take that gift and pay it back Kiryuin. Front courtyard. Next month. On her stupid frowny lips! See how she likes that!"

You're going to punch her!?

"No! I'll k-ki-..." And about as quickly as her resolve had surged it dwindled again a little as she shrunk her shoulders back down under the hot water. Full weight of her sudden course of action dawning on her. Which he didn't understand like many things and now she had to explain to him out loud. "*K-Kiss... her. Lips to lips.*"

Oh. Like Mr. and Mrs Mankanshoku. Is that the kind of relationship you've started with Kiryuin?

"N-No! *Sorta... it would be a... a step toward if... If.*"

I see. So when will you start practicing this kissing as you did the chocolates? Will Mrs. Mankanshoku be able to personally help teach you this as well? Ryuko?

He asked again when she didn't respond. She just sank back under the steaming water with a face redder then the coals heating it.

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"*In the midst of chaos, there is also opportunity.*"

"*When you surround an army, leave an outlet free. Do not press a desperate foe too hard.*"

- Sun Tzu

End Notes

Bit late, bit short, but better then never. Just a little dumb idea. *Also AU because technically February was the time skip month outlined in the OVA, so at no point could Valentines fall when in a war between them pre-naturals election.* But we can just overlook that in the name of specific holiday shenanigans.

TL notes for anyone what wants an explanation of wtf happened: “Honmei-choco” (True feeling chocolate) is a lovers gift, (popularly hand made to make it meaningful), traditionally by a woman to her husband, boyfriend, or prospective boyfriend on Valentine's day. “Giri-choco” (obligation chocolate) would be for everyone else and has no deeper meaning typically. This gift (of either) is then returned by the opposite half of the couple/acquaintance pair on White Day a month later (March 14th) so the recipient can respond with any combination of white chocolates, jewelry, clothing, and/or *lingerie* depending on who its for.

So Ryuko tried to be a little shit, and is now in the romantic equivalent of a game of chicken after Satsuki called her bluff.

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